THE

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THE SANITARY COMMISSION BULLETIN *is published on the first and fifteenth of every month, and as it has a circulation, gratuitous or other, of above* 15,000 *copies, it offers an unusually valuable medium for advertising.*

All communications must be addressed to the Editor, at the office, 1307 *Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and must be authenticated by the names and addresses of the writers.*

As the continuance of the publication of the BULLETIN *is uncertain, depending on that of the war, and on the resources of the U. S. Sanitary Commission—the Standing Committee feels a certain degree of reluctance to solicit subscriptions for it—and thereby to pledge the Commission to its issue for a definite period.*

The Committee understand, however, that some of their friends to whom it is now sent gratuitously, express a wish to pay for it, and they therefore give notice that the sum of two dollars, remitted to the Treasurer, (G. T. STRONG, 68 *Wall street, New York, or No.* 1307 *Chestnut street, Philadelphia,*) *will secure its being sent to such contributor during the remainder of the current year, unless its publication be sooner discontinued.*

THE BATTLE ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

"The day had been one of dense mists and rains, and much of Gen. Hooker's battle was fought above the clouds, which concealed him from our view, but from which his musketry was heard."—*Gen. Meigs to Secretary Stanton, Nov.* 26.

By the banks of Chattanooga watching with a soldier's heed,
In the chilly autumn morning gallant Grant was on his steed;
For the foe had climbed above him with the banners of their band,
And the cannon swept the river from the hills of Cumberland.

Like a trumpet rang his orders—"Howard, Thomas, to the bridge!
One brigade aboard the "Dunbar!" Storm the heights of Mission Ridge,
On the left the ledges, Sherman, charge and hurl the rebels down!
Hooker, take the steeps of Lookout and the slopes before the town!"

Fearless, from the northern summits, looked the traitors, where they lay,
On the gleaming Union army, marshalled as for muster-day;
Till the sudden shout of battle thundered upward its alarms,
And they dropped their idle glasses in a hurried rush to arms.

Then together up the highlands, surely, swiftly swept the lines,
And the clang of war above them swelled with loud and louder signs,
Till the loyal peaks of Lookout in the tempest seemed to throb,
And the star-flag of our country waved in smoke on Orchard Knob.

Day, and night, and day returning, ceaseless shock and ceaseless change,
Still the furious mountain conflict burst and burned along the Range,
While with battle's cloud of sulphur mingled densely mist and rain,
Till the ascending squadrons vanished from the gazers on the plain.

From the boats upon the river, from the tents upon the shore,
From the roofs of yonder city axious eyes the clouds explore;
But no rift amid the darkness shows them father, brother, sons,
While they trace the viewless struggle by the echo of the guns.

Upward! Charge for God and country! Up! Aha, they rush, they rise,
Till the faithful meet the faithless in the never-clouded skies,
And the battle-field is bloody where a dewdrop never falls,
For a voice of tearless justice to a tearless vengeance calls.

And the heaven is wild with shouting; fiery shot and bayonet keen
Gleam and glance where freedom's angels battle in the blue serene.
Charge and volley fiercely follow, and the tumult in the air
Tells of right in mortal grapple with rebellion's strong despair.

They have conquered! God's own legions! Well their foes might be dismayed,
Standing in his mountain temple 'gainst the terrors of his aid;

And the clouds might fitly echo pæan loud and parting gun,
When from upper light and glory sank the traitor-host, undone.

They have conquered! Through the region where our brothers plucked the palm
Rings the noise in which they won it with the sweetness of a psalm;
And our wounded, sick, and dying, hear it in their crowded wards,
Till they know our cause is Heaven's, and our battle is the Lord's.

And our famished captive heroes, locked in Richmond's prison hells,
List those guns of cloudland booming glad as freedom's morning-bells,
Lift their haggard eyes, and panting, with their cheeks against the bars,
Feel God's breath of hope, and see it playing with the stripes and stars.

Tories, safe in serpent-treason, startle as those airy cheers
And that wild, ethereal war-drum fall like doom upon their ears;
And that rush of cloud-born armies, rolling back the nation's shame,
Frights them with its sound of judgment, and its flash of angry flame.

Widows weeping by their firesides, loyal hearts despondingly grown,
Smile to hear their country's triumph from the gate of heaven blown,
And the patriot-poor shall wonder, in their simple hearts, to know
In the land above the thunder their ombattled champions go.

T. B.

—*Watchman and Reflector.*

A WORD TO THE AID SOCIETIES CONTRIBUTING TO PHILADELPHIA AGENCY.

WOMEN'S PENNSYLVANIA BRANCH,
UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,
PHILADELPHIA, *March* 10.

We come to you with full hearts; hearts full of love and gratitude for the generous response which you have made to our demands, and for the manner in which you have enabled us to carry on the work of the Commission. If it be indeed, as we are told daily, almost hourly, a great work, grand and glorious in its relief of suffering, in its succor to the needy, then to you in a large measure be the honor, to you be the praise! for on you must we of necessity be dependent for support and supplies.

"Oh! sweetest task—like Christopher,
Without a thought of pride;
To bear the Christ of charity,
Thro' battle's reddest tide."

But your very liberality leads us on; we come to you with increased demands; we ask for added interest, added labor, added service; we entreat you never for one moment to slacken or pause, as long as this desolating war shall continue. Go on eagerly and earnestly, finding nothing too small to offer in the service of your country. You can never know the value of what to you may seem all unworthy of your giving. One pair of carpet slippers may carry comfort to a soldier's heart, even more than to his feet; and, by the bright multiple of love, be doubled, trebled, quadrupled in its cheering influence, proving practically as it does, that those at home are thinking and caring for our poor fellows in the field.

I should scarcely have deemed this appeal necessary were it not that wafted on the air has come the faint echo of a feeling,—faintly heard, because, I trust, faintly held and faintly uttered,—that it was all well enough at the beginning of the war: you were ready and willing to work for a moderate term, but that the fourth year over-taxes you; it is more than you can give. It may be there is truth in part of what you say, but only in part. It does need much to carry on and continue such a work. It needs care. It needs thought. It needs labor. It needs interest. It needs self-denial. It needs heart. But it does not need more than you can give; it does not need more than you *will* give gladly and gratefully to our brave "boys in blue," who, surely, if any, are the ones to find the war too long.

Where had we been at this moment, had there risen from their midst one murmur of discontent, one sign of disaffection? No! They go on, proudly and perseveringly to battle to the end; and while they thus go forth cheerfully and uncomplainingly in our stead to hardship, danger and to death; while they give time and toil and blood, shall we, dare we, withhold our efforts for their good? Shall we grudge aught of service that can serve to lighten the weary hours, to relieve the toil or staunch the blood which daily bathes the earth for us with its red current? Oh! what is all we do or can ever do for them when we think upon all this? Nothing, and less than nothing.

"When is your time out?" said I the other day to a bright young lieutenant, risen from the ranks, at home on a fifteen day's leave. "My time out?" said he promptly, "when the war is out, and not before."

So let us say, "When the war is out, and not before," we may pause. And yet we may not even then; for should our country ask our aid for the suffering army which must remain, still are we ready, and warmly

do we pledge ourselves to give her all she asks, and right well we know you will redeem our pledge.

It is our last campaign. And as the happy hour draws near when our blessed banner shall float from every fortress-top in the glad sunshine of a nation's peace, so like the horse whose speed redoubles as the long-wished for goal appears in sight, let us redouble every effort, put forth every power, strain every nerve, that we may not fail or falter till the final moment come.

One word more! Come with me for a moment and look upon two pictures ere we part. I will not detain you long. To many of you this is a new scene. Most mercifully have you been shielded, in your distant homes, from those sad scenes which this same sad four years has made us so fearfully familiar with. I ask you to enter with me this hospital ward. Do not shrink, do not draw back; yes, there is sore suffering here; you may not care to witness it, but let me assure you that one glance for yourself will nerve your arm and fire your heart more than whole pages of description. Walk in; we who are at home here do not hesitate, as we did at first; we know a welcoming smile awaits us from each one of this long row of beds, which seems to strike you so much on entering. Pass up between them with me, and come first to this young white-faced boy, whose life-blood has been ebbing out, and scarcely yet is stayed; and who is fixing those eager, wistful eyes so wonderingly upon the party with me. "Never mind, George, I only want my friends to see what I saw yesterday, and to hear what you told me then; but you are far too weak to talk, let me tell them."

He was brought into the hospital yesterday on a stretcher, wrapped in that counterpane, that you see over him now, of bright patch-work; he seemed more dead than alive, but after stimulants and a few hours rest, he rallied, and by way of beginning an acquaintance, I commented upon the coverlet upon which I read "Aid Society, ——— County, Penna., U. S. Sanitary Commission." Large drops of blood concealed the town and county, but I at once recognized the work of some of our kind helpers.

He brightened instantly. "That counterpane," he said, "did me more good than all the surgeons gave me. The Sanitary Commission's Agent brought it and wrapped me in it, when they carried me off the field to the hospital, and as soon as I caught sight of that piece there, patch do you call it? I knew it was Mother's dress, and I felt sure she had made it, and somehow ever since I just catch hold of that place, and I can see her close to me, and I can go to sleep. They wanted here to change it for one of the hospital spreads, but I begged so hard to keep it, the Wardmaster asked the surgeon, and he gave me leave." I thought even were his idea a delusion, it was such a happy one that I should be the last one to disturb it. No! he does not hear us, he has sunk into that lethargy produced by excessive loss of blood. Look! his hand even now, is grasping the very piece of calico he showed me yesterday, and I think that clasp will only be unlocked in death. Did the kind heart who devised that quilt ever dream of the *moral* ease and comfort it was one day to bring?

Look at the next bed; see that poor arm resting on that soft pillow, and read the mark on its corner, "U. S. Sanitary Commission." Cross the ward, and look at that jar of pickles. "Ah, Henry! I see you've got your pickles."

That was one of yesterday's sick fancies, and the surgeon gave a ready consent but did not supply the article.

"Yes, thank you, ma'am, they told me you got an order for them from the Sanitary Commission, and they're the first thing that's helped me to taste my dinner for a week."

We must not pause at each bed, or the story would be the same; but just stop for a moment and speak to this man rolling himself up and down the ward in that chair with wheels.

"Why John! I have never seen you out of bed before; how are you to-day?"

"Better, much better, thank you, ma'am, and bless the Sanitary Commission for that. They sent me this bully chair, and now I can travel round first-rate."

More hearts than one, I fancy, since this war began, have said, "God bless the Sanitary Commission," and will say it again and yet again, I trust, ere it is done But we must linger no longer here. One other picture, although, perchance, less cheering to our hearts. Unlatch that door and enter another ward. Was that a groan? Scarcely. A groan or any aubible sign of suffering, save the sad moans in sleep, is such a rare sound that I can hardly understand it. The beautiful patience and calm, heroic endurance of the poor sufferers, under great phys-

ical agony, has almost passed into a proverb. Let us walk up to that bed; it seems to come from there, and see what it means.

"What is it, Richard? Are you suffering terribly to-day? Oh, I see; you need a pad to support your poor aching limb. Why don't you send the orderly for one?"

"That's just it, ma'am. I asked for one. We used to have them when I was wounded here before, but he says government never gave them things."

"No, of course not, but the Sanitary Commission does."

"It used to, ma'am, but that was at the beginning of the war; and they say it kept on so long, the Aid Societies, I think he called them, had all stopped; and so we can't have any more, but I think if we wanted them once, we want them just as bad now. Oh dear, oh dear."

"Alas! alas! I feared this would be so when I heard that they had disbanded."

Just look at that man over there, holding his wounded arm. Surely he should have a sling.

"Why, Hamilton, that arm ought to be in a sling; why don't you keep it in one?"

"The surgeon did make this bandage into one for me this morning, but it don't seem to hold it up; and makes it ache worse, so I took it out."

"Of course that must make it ache more. You need one of those nice arm slings, which would support it all the way up, and let it lie, resting as if it were in a bed."

"Ah, yes ma'am. One of the boys was telling me they used to have them in the beginning of the war, but government don't give them, and you know the Sanitary Commission don't send any more; the war kept on so long they stopped. I wish I had stopped too."

"They little know, Hamilton, how much suffering they would cause by stopping, and what constant comfort they gave, or they would never had stopped, I am sure."

Is this not sad? But before leaving the ward let us walk down to see my friend Field, who was so badly wounded in the chest; he lies at the far end of the ward, just where you see that screen."

"Well, Field, how is your wound this morning?"

"It broke out in the night, Miss, so you'll have to excuse this bloody shirt."

"But why not have it changed?"

"So I will, ma'am, when mine comes from the wash. I don't want to draw any more. I've had to draw so many any how, on account of the wound, and you know it comes out of my pay, and I want all that for my poor wife and little ones at home."

"But why not get one from the 'Ladies' Room.' That is precisely what those are kept for to supply just such a case of need?"

"So they say it used to be, Miss, but not now. Those came from the Sanitary Commission, long ago; and they tell us the societies which used to supply them have all stopped, because the war lasted so long, and we can't have any more"

"So you must lie there with that shirt stiffened with clotted blood, till yours comes from wash, in order to save your pay for your family, because the Aid Societies no longer contribute to your comfort."

I do not like this picture, it is too painful; let us go, my friends, I am quite sure it is equally distressing to each one of you.

My first picture was a reality, occurring in our midst every day of our lives. Shall the second ever become so?

On you, and on your efforts, the answer must depend. D.

March, 1865.

FROM ANNAPOLIS.

BY C. F. HOWES.

ANNAPOLIS, *February* 20, 1865.

I have just returned from College Green Barracks, where I have assisted in distributing about six hundred towels, combs, needles and thread to newly arrived prisoners. More than fifteen hundred of each of these articles were distributed one day last week. It will be a heavy tax upon the Commission to supply each returned prisoner with all these necessaries. Yet *nothing* could be given these men which is more needed, and so *much* appreciated, as these very articles. I hope the Commission will continue its bountiful supply.

The exchange is now progressing rapidly. No less than five thousand men will probably arrive this week. I hope to be able to meet each and every demand.

BY MISSES CARY AND PHILLIPS.

March, 1865.

As our hospital wards are all becoming crowded by large daily accessions from the ranks of the newly arrived prisoners, we find full occupation in endeavoring to become familiar with the circumstances and wants of the sufferers. A large proportion of those brought here, have become

ill since leaving prison. The change of air proving too much for their weak frames. We find that in many cases they had neglected to apprize their friends at home of their arrival, having expected to go home in a short time, and the most grateful service we can render, is to write and apprize them of their safety, and urge them to write that they may hear from them once more. Very frequently those who hear from home, for the first time in many months, learn that some of the dear ones they left there, and were fondly hoping to meet so soon, have been removed and numbered with the silent dead. Others who come full of hope and courage, in the prospect of speedily joining those most dear to them, are suddenly cut down in the midst of their fond anticipations and sleep with the dead.

Such an one, intelligent and fine looking, whose character could be read, even in the wan countenance already tinged with the hue of death, was at first able to express his joy and fervent gratitude to God for his deliverance, but soon became unconscious. In a brief lucid interval, just preceding dissolution, he recognized a young comrade who had been with him in prison. "Where am I?" asked the dying man. "In a Union hospital," was the reply. He seemed incredulous for a moment, but his friend calling his attention to the soft bed and warm blankets, he added, "and nice white sheets too." "Oh, I'm all right now. Thank God, thank God, I shall be at home soon. I bless God for bringing me here, where some one will write to my dear wife, and she will come to me." It was evident that he had but a short time to live, and he was asked, "But God, who was with you in prison and has been so good to you, is he not with you now, and do you not love him and trust in him?" To this and other questions of similar import he replied in the affirmative with deep emotion. Becoming exhausted he asked for a cup of tea. It was soon brought, but not until the weary spirit had fled to that heavenly home where sickness and want are unknown, and where he will not miss the loved ones for whom he had pined, for He whose love is stronger than death and greater than that of all other friends combined, will be with him there.

A German soldier, from one of the Middle States, had been captured at Winchester in November. After long waiting for letters from home, they had come just on the eve of battle, bringing the sad news of the death, first, of a loved child, and then of the wife and mother, leaving three helpless little ones unprovided for. The neighbor who wrote to apprize the husband and father of his loss, asks what shall be done for them, but before he has time to reply, orders came for the march. During the action he is taken captive, and all these weary months he has been held in suspense, not having even yet learned the fate of his motherless babes. Such are some of the scenes which come to our knowledge daily, illustrating but faintly, the horrors of war.

CAMP PAROLE HOSPITAL, *March*, 1865.

The week just closing has been marked with an unusual degree of mortality at the hospital. Each day has witnessed the departure of one or more, and on one day as many as six weary souls fled to the spirit land. Some pass away suddenly, in a few hours after being brought in; others linger and wearisome days and nights are appointed them; others still, apparently in no better condition, rally, as if by miracle, and are rapidly recovering.

A large number of the convalescents have been sent away during the week, to make room for the newly arrived prisoners, who continue to be brought in by scores. It is affecting to see the disappointment manifested by many of the poor fellows. "Oh, I have kept up as long as I could, hoping to get home," is a common remark. Many of these suffering ones cannot speak of their prison experience without weeping. It is not possible, they assure us, for any one who has not felt it, to imagine what it is. "Our trials," says one, "were enough to bring us to reflection. We have learned lessons we can never forget."

Said a bright looking young man, "I had been a wild boy, but in that horrid place I was led to think of God and a future life, and there I first learned to love and trust in him." One of the first who arrived, and who has been at the point of death, but is recovering, now says, "If God lets me live, I will be henceforth a true Christian soldier." In conversation with an intelligent man, he remarked, "Often have I lain beside a comrade, conversing of home and absent friends, when his voice would suddenly cease, and on reaching forward to learn the cause, I would *find the face cold in death.*"

But one of the saddest scenes of the week

to us, has been the death of one of the ward masters, whose kind, cheerful face and pleasant smile we have been wont to meet daily for many months. He was ever faithful, patient, and efficient, and as is believed, a sincere Christian. He fell a victim to the prevailing fever. After a few days diphtheria set in, and he was suddenly taken from us, to be forever with the Lord.

BY E. C. GUILD.

February, 1865.

I have the honor herewith to submit my report for the week ending this day.

On Sunday, I had the pleasure, at the invitation of Chaplain Henries, of preaching at the chapel of the Naval School Hospital, and also in conjunction with Rev. J. M. Clark, at College Green Barracks. This latter occasion was one of great interest, as the men were just escaped from such a dire torment in their captivity; just set free by such a joyful deliverance, and just about to go to their homes filled with such conflicting feelings of hope and fear in the thought of what might have occurred in their protracted absence. The occasion spoke for itself, and it was easy to find words for the thoughts that crowded up at the very suggestions of the circumstances themselves. On Friday, we had the pleasure to welcome some 1,500 more paroled men from Richmond, and on Saturday we issued a towel, comb, needle and thread to every man. Paper and envelopes were also issued to them at various times until all were supplied. We have also been kept busy at the office by the demands of the men going to and fro by the City Point boat. It is a pleasure to us to afford every facility in our power to these men, returning from the hardships of camp life, or going forward to encounter the perils of battle. Surely if any are entitled to have assistance and supplies which we have to give, it is those men who are away from their regiments and traveling by an unaccustomed route. The inefficient means of transportation of the single railroad running from this place often delays them for twenty-four hours and causes them much inconvenience. This we have tried to alleviate by every means in our power.

The constant arrival of prisoners at this time keeps us very busy, and I must ask your indulgence in presenting so brief a report, and plead the pressure of immediate duties as my excuse.

ANNAPOLIS, *March*, 1865.

This week has been an unusually quiet one. While we were notified to be prepared for an unprecedentedly large number of paroled prisoners expected during the week, only a few have arrived, most of them escaped men who have come into our lines. Doubtless the delay in the exchange is but transient, and we feel that any day or any hour may be the commencement of a steady influx of paroled men at this post. Meantime, considerable effort is being made in the hospitals to be prepared for their reception; extra beds are arranged in the wards, the tents which have been removed during the extreme cold of the winter are replaced, and additional tents set up. Additions have also been made to the medical staff of the hospital.

In the leisure afforded by the non-arrival of the expected boats, my attention has been called to several cases of more permanent interest. Visiting from time to time the "Home" of the Sanitary Commission in Annapolis, in addition to the faces which come and go, remaining hardly long enough to form an acquaintance, one sees a few sad looking ladies, day after day, week after week, month after month, coming in to refresh their bodies exhausted with watching and have their spirits cheered by kindly sympathy. Here is one who has, with all a mother's patience and tenderness watched over her boy for months; he lies on his back, shot through the body, almost helpless, continually under the irritating influence of excessive pain and needing constant care; but he never looks for help without finding that loving mother at his side ready to do all that can be done for him, and to speak to him words of Christian hope and comfort. Here is another who watches by the bedside of her husband; torn by a racking cough, reduced by his long imprisonment to a mere skeleton, he sits night and day upon his bed unable to lie down, and by his side the faithful wife stands always ready to minister to his every want. And yonder is another wife whose husband lies by himself in a tent, where she keeps continual watch over him. Released from imprisonment, he received a furlough and revisited the well-known and dearly-loved scenes of his home, apparently in good health. Returning to report himself at the hospital he was struck down with fever, and when the fever left him gangrene set in, and now he lies very low, hardly ex-

pected to live from hour to hour, and night and day his devoted wife is at his side to soothe and uphold him in his terrible suffering, and to do for him all that watchful love can suggest. Besides those who are keeping their long and faithful watch by the side of the sick bed, every day brings some wife or mother, summoned by telegraph, not knowing what to expect, and finding sometimes that death has come before, or more rarely that health has already returned, and going away sorrowing or rejoicing, according to the tidings they have received of their loved ones. Surely the Sanitary Commission can do no better work than to afford every aid and comfort in its power to those who are passing so bravely and faithfully through such trying experiences.

This period of accidental leisure was also taken advantage of for an occasion of a social character at College Green Barracks, worthy I think of record. The detachment of men detailed for duty under Captain Davis—men having charge of the buildings and employed in the Captain's office, and in all the varied work of the post—feeling desirous of showing him their respect and gratitude, complimented him on the evening of the 4th of March with a serenade and supper. I had the honor to be present with two other gentlemen of our office and Rev. Mr. Clark of the Christian Commission, and it was a pleasure to see the feeling of mutual confidence and respect which was apparent between the Captain and his men. Such harmony and good will speaks volumes of praise for both parties, and promises the best of care for the paroled prisoners whose interests they have in charge.

BY GEO. A. MILLER.

CAMP PAROLE, *March*, 1865.

The camp is now quite full of paroled men, and they are coming in very rapidly. The condition of the men is as good as could be expected, considering the treatment they have had while in prison.

Having been so long deprived of wholesome food, or even unwholesome food in quantity sufficient to satisfy the demands of nature, they have now an ungovernable appetite. Government furnishes as much good food as they ought to eat, but they are not satisfied, and having obtained a little money as commutation of rations that they did not get while on their visit South, they go to the sutlers and expend their money for pies, cakes, &c. The sutler, being a very philanthropic man, and knowing that these poor fellows will expend all their money for food, and that the less they eat the better for them, very kindly relieves them of their cash for a small quantity of eatables. Nevertheless, it is not uncommon for men to eat enough to kill them. Doubtless many valuable lives are sacrificed in keeping a sutler in camp. It is sometimes convenient to procure things of a sutler, but his presence is by no means "*Sine qua non*;" but on the contrary a superfluous appendage, and that, too, at great expense to government, if she values the lives of men.

A number of officers, lately from the South, have been stopping in camp, waiting for papers from Washington to allow them to visit their homes. They can now appreciate freedom. We, who have never been deprived of it, know little of its worth.

My work has been about the same in kind and amount as formerly, viz.: writing letters and presenting claims for soldiers, and occasionally ministering to the comfort of an unfortunate man, by giving him a few articles of clothing.

Many of the soldiers are troubled with diarrhœa, and I find the "Essence of Jamaica Ginger" an excellent remedy and highly appreciated by the recipients.

IN PRISON.

Extract from a Report by S. G. DOOLITTLE, *Supt. Alexandria Lodge.*

ALEXANDRIA, VA., *February* 19, 1865.

I visited one of the military prisons, and by the request of the surgeon furnished 17 quilts and 10 pillows; they were for the hospital ward and badly needed.

March 4, 1865.

During the week I have visited the following prisons: The Slave Pen, Odd Fellows Hall, Washington Street Prison and the Jail, and distributed a large amount of reading matter. I found them very destitute in this particular, and a lot of men more eager for something to occupy their minds I never saw.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER FROM W. H. HENDERSON.

TURIN, LEWIS COUNTY, N. Y., *March* 10, 1865.

At the close of my address at Harrisburg I was much gratified by a short speech made by one of the audience. The gentle-

man stated that last fall he had gone down to Harper's Ferry to obtain the remains of his brother; that notwithstanding he carried with him ample recommendations and references, he had been unable to pass within the lines until aided by the Sanitary Commission. The Commission obtained a passport for him promptly. Having got within the lines, however, he found himself equally at a loss for want of full information regarding the circumstances of his brother's death, and the required formalities for obtaining the body. Here again the Sanitary had met him with full particulars, obtained from their Directory, and with all facilities for filling up the government forms. He assured the rest of the audience that he could not possibly have accomplished his errand without the aid of the Sanitary Commission.

FROM CITY POINT.

FROM T. L. SEIP.

CITY POINT, VA, *March* 13, 1865.

As we have nearly finished our work at this point I will drop you a few lines, that they may reach you before our return. Mr. Schindel and myself have visited the different Sanitary Stations in this army, and although they are not as busy as usual, in consequence of the fact that the men have just been paid off, still we could not fail to see the necessity of the United States Sanitary Commission, and the good it has already accomplished and is now doing. Many lives have doubtless been saved by its operations, and untold misery alleviated. Besides the *great* things that it does for the men, it is in furnishing *little* articles and in relieving the little, but not trifling wants of the men, that it does a most salutary work. Life, or rather a great part of it, is made up of little things, and so is and should be the work of the Sanitary Commission. But you must not infer from this that I think the Sanitary Commission does no great things. I had too manifest a proof of this, *i.e.* that it does, the other day, to think otherwise. A boat load of exchanged prisoners, who had just come from Richmond, and were yet in all their filth and destitution, stopped at this station. The men, one hundred and sixty in number, were all provided with necessary food and stimulants, were cleansed and newly clothed and made as comfortable as circumstances on the boat would allow, when they proceeded on their way to Annapolis. These poor fellows were in a very pitiable condition. They were mere living skeletons, and were too weak to stand. Two of them died between Richmond and this place, and no doubt others died before they reached their destination.

I used to think the accounts of the sufferings of our soldiers in southern prisons were exaggerated, but since I have heard their tale from their own lips, I believe that the whole truth is not and will never be known; because tongue cannot express nor pen describe what our brave men have endured in the miserable pens of the South. I met several who stated that the United States Sanitary Commission had reached them even in their prisons South. Such cases, of course, are not numerous, because the goods sent by the Sanitary Commission reached their destination in comparatively few instances.

Thus far I have been very much gratified with my visit, and I am now more than ever convinced of the necessity of our people at home supporting, and liberally too, the U. S. Sanitary Commission. I have found the agents generally the right men in the right places, a thing most difficult to find in any very extensive organization.

LETTER FROM J. C. BUSH.

FLAG OF TRUCE STEAMER GEO. WASHINGTON,
AKIN'S LANDING, VA., *Feb.* 25, 1865.

Unexpectedly meeting at this place, that indefatigable gentleman, Lieut. Col. Mulford, whose name is now a household word in so many domestic circles through the entire country, as the instrument of causing so many anxious hearts to vibrate with increasing hope by the general exchange of prisoners of war—I learned from him that about 1,500 of our men were expected on the rebel flag of truce boat from Richmond to Cox's Landing, about four miles from here overland. It is worthy of remark to contrast the difference of appearance between the rebels just brought from Camp Chase and Chicago, and the Union prisoners from Danville and Salisbury.

When the rebels left the transports that brought them here from Baltimore, they were not only looking healthy and strong, but were well clad, every man wearing good clothing from head to foot, and not one in a hundred that could not travel off like horses, while most of our men were but moving skeletons, dragging their ema-

ciated forms along, very few with other than an old rag of a shirt and pants to cover their nakedness, many entirely barefooted and without blankets. Among the five steamers laying here to transport these men to Annapolis, the *George Washington* was designated by Col. Mulford as the hospstal boat to take the most feeble cases. Too weak to stand or walk they were brought over in ambulances and carried on board on stretchers. As soon as all were on board we started with such a load as rarely ever freighted a vessel before. The reality cannot be described. But there was no time to be lost. These men had been as highly excited as their feeble condition could endure with the idea of being free again. Having had no nourishment that day, the smell of food made them almost frantic. Soon a piece of dry toast and a cup of good coffee with milk and sugar was given to each man, which was devoured as only hungry animals can devour food. Then each had a clean shirt, drawers and stockings furnished him, was washed and changed and had his wounds and sores dressed. While this was being done, the ever vigilant steward gave each man a drink of good hot whiskey punch. Such as were able to read had papers or books given them. Very soon there came another round of good beef soup, thick with potatoes and onions. None can imagine the joy and gratitude expressed by these 152 men. On soft beds, fed and clothed, their conversation was strange and mixed. I took their names and address, wrote letters to their friends. The thoughts of home caused many to weep as they gave the name of wife, or mother, or friend to whom I addressed the letter. Soon another cup of coffee and toast bread. Some would sleep, others so full of joy that sleep had departed. Amid their experience in rebel prisons, as they related it, the following may be of interest.

They had their money, coats, shoes, canteens and haversacks taken from them when captured or when put in prison. Those who secreted their money were required to pay at the rate of two dollars for a common size biscuit, three dollars and fifty cents for a pound of poor flour, two dollars for a pound of rice, six and seven dollars a pint for molasses, very thin and black. Meat was so rarely given that they eat all the rats and mice they caught. Pork, when they could induce the guard to get it for them, was sixteen dollars per pound. The officers were opposed to anything being sold to our men, but the guard would smuggle in goods to them. The negroes appeared much pleased when they learned our men were to be exchanged. An intelligent sergeant said he saw the official report of the deaths at Danville from the middle of August to 19th of February, when they left for Richmond, which was 678 out of 2,151, almost one in three. The filth and vermin can only be imagined, when we think that during seven months no change of garments. All the water was brought in pails by details of men under guard from the Danville river. The sergeant of the guard would frequently neglect to have it done. The water left in the pails, not enough to wash and a scarcity to drink and cook what little food they had. They felt more indebted to the Sanitary than they could find words to express. The work was very fatiguing, yet one would not become weary, for the satisfaction derived in relieving their dreadful condition. We arrived at Annapolis, losing but one man on the way, when to all appearance one would think that a score of them was too far gone to survive the journey.

FORT SMITH AND LITTLE ROCK, ARKANSAS.

The following report and invoice, says Dr. Woodward, are of deep interest, from the fact that Fort Smith is 300 miles above Little Rock, on the Arkansas River, and the country along the route so infested by guerillas that it has hitherto been impossible to get sanitary stores through; only one small lot, by wagon, having ever previously reached that post, and none but a man of Mr. Carpenter's determined character would ever have succeeded.

His trip has been a great success, and his report will rejoice the hearts of those who have friends in that forlorn region. He goes now to New Orleans with the stores just sent by you on the steamer *Missouri*, and will either turn them over to Dr. Blake or follow up the army as circumstances may direct.

Invoice of goods taken by D. B. Carpenter, Agent U. S. Sanitary Commission, to Fort Smith, Arkansas, February 4, 1865.

Drawers, pairs	100	Crackers, lbs	800
Towels	76	Potatoes and onions, bbls	100
Dressing gowns	24	Corn starch, lbs	120
Oil silk ring pads	4	Tea, lbs	15
Slippers, pairs	28	Condensed milk, cans	96
Dried fruit, lbs	600	Prunes, lbs	20
Lime juice, btls	75	Arrow root, lbs	13
Jamaica ginger, btls	12	Hospital shirts	265
Catawba bitters, btls	48	Handkerchiefs	60
Assorted jellies, btls	24	Vests	3
Cranberries, jars	48	Arm slings	24

Rubber cloth, pieces.....	6	Peaches, cans.....	48
Crutches, pairs.....	20	Kraut and pickles, galls.	96
Whiskey, btls.....	150	Crushed sugar, lbs.....	100
Raspberry vinegar, btls..	36	Tin cups.....	50
Ginger wine, btls.....	72	Flaxseed, lbs.....	30
Blackberry cordial, btls..	24	Spit cups.....	10
Sugar and lemons, cans..	72	Wash basins.....	12

BY D. B. CARPENTER.

DUVALL' BLUFF, ARK.,
Feb. 15, 1865.

I succeeded in getting the stores I wrote you I intended taking to Fort Smith on board the steamer *Lotus*, during the night of Saturday, and started on our "dubious tour" at daylight the next morning. Of the comforts and luxuries of the trip, it is sufficient to state that the cabin was small, crowded with refugee women and children, returning to Fort Smith after the scare produced by the evacuation. It was cold, with almost no fire, and I had the softest board I could find, with my blanket, to sleep on. It was the same returning, only "more so," as the boy said. I did hope, in going up, that the return trip would be less crowded and more bearable, but found myself grievously disappointed, as far as table luxuries and delicacies are concerned. They wanted to charge $1 per meal for the biscuits and fat pork, but concluded to take 75 cents this time. Of the compliments the guerrillas and bushwhackers saw fit to send us, you have probably some full accounts in the papers, and, as that is not germain to my purpose, I will not repeat it.

We touched at Lewisburg an hour or two. I left some stores there for the hospital, and paid it a short visit. It is under the charge of Dr. A. D. Thomas and Assistant Dr. Madison; is a good frame building, and appears neat and well kept. Did not have time to go to any of the regiments. Sanitary stores have been supplied to them occasionally from Little Rock. I made arrangements with Dr. Thomas to have the mortality report copied and forwarded to Louisville, which he did before my return from Fort Smith; also to forward all changes in the hospital regularly, for the use of the Directory. At Fort Smith I found matters in a very chaotic state, as they had not become re-arranged since the evacuation. Dr. Swasey, Acting Medical Director, had only arrived the day before, and some of the surgeons the same day. Most of the hospital furniture and medical supplies were on the same boat as myself, consequently it would not be just to form a judgment or express an opinion, from their condition at that time. Dr. S. is as fine and honorable appearing a man as I have met in the army. He was there before the evacuation, and would know best where stores were needed, so that I thought it best to turn the supplies over to him, to distribute according to his best judgment. They were stored, under his care, in the rooms of the medical purveyor. I did not visit the hospital only for two reasons; first, lack of time, which was very limited, and, secondly, I was so unwell and used up, that I could not take the necessary exertion, without manifest injustice to myself; but I learned from the surgeon that the general health of the troops was full as good as any where else in the department. I think scorbutis is more prevalent. The country is so devastated, that they get no vegetables at all, and the guerrillas are so thick, that no foraging is done, except in large parties. They have been on part rations a good share of the time,—sometimes one-half and sometimes one-fourth. I think chronic diarrhœa is not as prevalent as at points down the river. I suggested to Dr. Swasey to raise a hospital garden, as there is a fine piece of ground convenient. He said he would be very glad to do so, but could get no seeds. I proposed to furnish these to him; and, in my opinion, no greater boon can be granted to the poor fellows, sick, and away out of the world at Fort Smith, than to furnish them immediately with garden seeds and onion sets sufficient for 11 acres of ground. There is plenty more land there for a larger garden, and the men would be glad to work it, but fencing is among the things that "were, and are not." I took up an excellent supply of stores for present exigencies. Vegetables and pickles, together with all the dried fruit we can get, will be the principal requirements at that point, as well as the rest of that department. A considerable quantity of crackers and farinaceous articles will also be required for the hospitals. I made arrangements also and left blanks with Dr. Swasey to have the mortality record and names of the patients in the hospitals copied immediately, and all changes forwarded to Hospital Directory weekly.

I am now at Duvall's Bluff, awaiting further orders.

SOLDIERS' LODGE, PORTSMOUTH, VA.

Ever since the capture of Norfolk, Va., by our forces, Portsmouth has been the immediate base to the army of occupation sta-

tioned in that quarter; and, as such, a point where many soldiers on furlough, discharged, or convalescent, have gathered. Large general hospitals, in the immediate vicinity, have been kept filled by the sad sickliness of past seasons, and, as a consequence, many relations of patients therein treated have found themselves in the cheerless streets of the twin-cities, friendless and homeless, if not moneyless. To the same point, also, white and black refugees from Virginia, North Carolina, and other southern states have fled. Hence it was deemed necessary by the United States Sanitary Commission that a Soldiers' Home should be established. Accordingly, in March, 1864, Mr. John Alcooke, as superintendent, opened the "United States Sanitary Commission's Soldiers' Lodge" in Portsmouth. Every facility that could be reasonably asked was promptly extended by the military authorities; and, since they have witnessed the admirable workings of the institution, their cordial approbation has only been excelled by the praise expressed by the recipients of its benefits. Soldiers; fathers, mothers, wives or sisters, who are nursing their dear ones in the hospitals; refugees, wet and worn by the trip through the Dismal Swamp; and, not last, fugitive slaves, have found care and comfort at the hands of the warm-hearted Friend in charge. The following extracts from reports and letters will give a partial idea of the variety of the relief given; while the annexed table shows that 3,110 soldiers have been entertained, and 5,553 lodgings, and 16,960 meals given during the past year

LETTER FROM JOHN ALCOOKE, SUPT.

PORTSMOUTH, VA., *Feb.*, 1865.

FRIEND ——:—I fear thee will think I have forgotten thy request. In the first place a Lodge was much needed here, in consequence of so many soldiers being stationed within a few miles of this place, and also in consequence of many hospitals being here. We opened the house on the 16th of March, 1864, after much labor, as it was in a most filthy condition. Thou wilt find in the accompanying paper a list of meals for each month, also lodgings and men accommodated, also the number of soldiers from each State, also the relatives of soldiers who have been accommodated. Up to the end of February the number of meals given was 16,960, and lodgings 5,553; the number of men 3,110, besides over 6,000 men who have been relieved in various ways with clothing, shoes, slippers, combs, towels, tobacco, pens, paper, and envelopes, and many other articles.

DYING BOY.

On the 18th of March, after we opened the lodge, I was notified of a sick soldier boy lying in the street in a helpless condition. I went and found him as reported, in a dying state. He, not being able to walk, I took him up in my arms and carried him home. He had been at Fort Schuyler, and just come off a transport. It was a relapse from measles. Not being able to take care of himself during the voyage, he was in a very dirty, destitute condition. After having made him comfortable, we sent for one of the surgeons from the hospital, who found him in a very low state, and requested that, after reporting to the Medical Director, he be sent to the hospital. The next morning he was too far gone to be removed. He lived only ten days. He was desirous at all times to hear prayer and instruction. A few hours before his death I asked him how he felt,—if his Redeemer was near him. He looked up to me with such a beaming face and replied, "Oh, friend A——, I am not afraid to trust my soul in his hands." He sent loving messages to his home, and in a short time died in my arms, blessing me for what had been done for him.

MOTHER AND CHILD.

We have had numbers of soldiers here from their regiments, for a few days good nursing and care; and in all cases have received letters from them after their return. The latter end of May a soldier's wife was brought here with a child twelve months old, both in the last stage of consumption. She was with us seven weeks. She died on the 5th of July, and the child on the 15th. They are buried together in the city graveyard in this place. During the time they were with us we did all we could for their comfort and happiness. I engaged a colored woman to attend to them, and I myself was their nurse. The poor young woman died

CONSOLIDATED REPORT OF "SOLDIERS' HOME" AT PORTSMOUTH, VA.

1864.	Connecticut.	Delaware.	Illinois.	Kentucky.	Maine.	Maryland.	Massachusetts.	Michigan.	New Hampshire.	New Jersey.	New York.	North Carolina.*	Ohio.	Pennsylvania.	Rhode Island.	Vermont.	Virginia.*	Wisconsin.	Canada.	England.	Total.	Lodgings.	Meals.
March.....	60	....	....	....	....	4	3	....	....	....	27	2	....	4	....	....	....	....	....	1	95	87	293
April.....	84	3	....	....	....	....	7	....	....	....	108	12	12	98	3	....	5	1	....	4	384	415	1455
May.....	5	2	....	....	....	1	51	3	23	6	64	8	....	40	....	....	6	6	3	4	204	386	1112
June.....	23	1	7	....	8	3	67	4	12	22	210	....	10	67	5	....	6	70	3	7	533	421	1412
July.....	8	....	....	....	....	....	33	....	....	15	71	16	4	22	....	3	26	....	....	2	203	405	1157
August.....	5	3	....	....	4	....	29	....	3	7	61	15	101	13	....	5	4	2	....	8	250	541	1634
September..	5	....	....	....	3	3	42	....	1	6	64	18	15	15	....	....	2	2	....	2	179	408	1207
October.....	1	....	....	....	....	....	23	....	....	2	118	67	2	17	....	....	11	1	....	....	234	449	1242
November..	....	1	....	....	....	2	26	....	3	2	163	22	6	21	....	2	20	....	....	....	295	490	1281
December..	5	....	....	....	....	....	17	....	2	1	233	3	7	13	....	....	15	....	....	....	265	552	1664
1865.																							
January.....	3	....	....	....	1	....	11	....	....	3	148	14	....	....	....	....	7	....	....	....	295	503	1583
February...	....	....	2	....	....	....	26	....	....	1	190	29	6	2	....	....	10	....	....	....	253	416	1254
	189	10	9	2	16	13	335	6	53	67	1445	196	171	320	10	21	190	9	21	27	3,110	5002	15,296

Relations of Soldiers sick in Hospital.	Lodgings.	Meals.
Delaware	24	72
Iowa	15	45
Maine	26	78
Maryland	7	21
Massachusetts.	110	327
New York....	197	604
Ohio	144	433
Pennsylvania.	28	84
	551	1,664
Total,.....	5,012	15,296
	5,553	16,960

* Principally Refugees, white and black.

full of gratitude to the Sanitary Commission for the home and care she had received.

WEARY AND FAINT.

On the 10th of November, Robert L. J——, of the 20th N. Y. Cavalry, came here for a rest and the comforts of home. He had been ailing before, and had been here for a few days from time to time. The last time he came I saw he was a very sick man. He said to me as soon as he came inside the house, "Friend A——, I am come once more to thee for a little care. I am very sick, and it is so like home here." Of course I received him kindly, but with all I could do I could not raise him up. He died on the 18th of November.

SOULS NOT NEGLECTED.

Remember one thing; I do not neglect the souls of those who come to my house, either in sickness or health. We have regular family prayers, and however full the house is there is the greatest order and attention, and in no one instance has there ever been any irreverence. I always make it a point every evening to speak to the soldiers of their homes; the influences of early years, their mothers and sisters; and try to stimulate them to self respect. We have also on first day evening Friends meeting. All in the house attend. Sarah Smiley, of Philadelphia is here, and she speaks to us generally. She is conducting (for the Friends) an industrial school. We have also a number of other Friends here. We are all anxious to assist in all good work.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Since the capture of Fort Fisher I have had much on my hands. Quite a number of the officers and men who were killed there were sent to Norfolk for embalming; and in most instances their clothes were either torn off them or too bloody for use. The persons in charge applied to me for grave clothes, and my assistance in placing them in their coffins. In all instances I have furnished shirt, drawers, socks, cravat, collar, and nice white flannel shroud, made by myself; for it is such a relief to the friends to see the remains of those they love nicely cared for after death. On fourth day of last week, I clothed and placed in his coffin General Bell, acting brigadier, and yesterday I clothed Colonel Moore, 203d Pennsylvania Infantry; also Doctor Longshaw, as well as two privates. I always feel that they are somebody's son, husband, or brother, and they have some one to love them, poor fellows; and I know it is such a shock to friends on the first opening of a coffin to see the person in a half naked condition.

DISMAL SWAMP AND DISMAL PROSPECTS.

We have had many refugees here, and to tell all their sufferings would fill a volume. One instance I must relate. On the 27th December, 1864, a party of refugees came here who had gone through everything. They had to wade three feet deep in water through or up a creek, four miles. One man, educated and intelligent, who had been previously sick, took a violent cold on his lungs. I found the next morning he was not able to accompany the rest. I asked him his destination, &c., his answer was if he could find a place to stay till he was better he should be most thankful. I told him he should stay here; I consulted with General Vogdie, who gave a hearty assent. I called in a doctor who said he could not live ten days; but I am thankful to say that he is now well. We have done all in our power to restore him, and God has blessed our efforts; and through the influence of a friend of ours he has procured a situation in a dry goods store in Norfolk, and is gone this morning.

ONE OF MANY.

About ten days ago a poor woman, who had never been ten miles away from her home before, was brought to us by a lady residing in this place; stating she had found her weeping bitterly on the landing. Her husband was sick in a hospital here, she said, but did not know where. The lady at once brought her here. After she had taken some refreshments, I went in quest of her husband. His name, Iram Pety, N. Y. V., belonging to 13th N. Y. Heavy Artillery. I at once went to the hospital of that regiment, taking her with me; but the poor man had died the night before. Words cannot tell her grief when I told her he was dead. We did all we could for her. His comrades had his body embalmed, and she stayed here until all was ready. She then took him home. I was so much grieved when she opened her trunk to show what in her poor way she had brought for his comfort. All sorts of nice eatables which her means would allow, and which he liked when at home.

FATHER AND SON.

Major B. was here two weeks ago and visited the camp of the 3d N. Y. Cavalry at Suffolk, where his son, a lad of 19 years, is a private. He brought the boy down here, as he was not well, to stay a few days and have a rest. When he went away he recommended the boy to my care and sympathy if he needed it. Well, on last sixth day the company he belongs to went on a raid to Blackwater—the boy was shot through the head. I have had him embalmed, and also have provided a good coffin, nice flannel grave clothes, and placed him in his coffin. I have just been to the side of his coffin to put some early spring flowers around him, and he looks as if he was sweetly sleeping. I have combed the hair over his wound, and done all I can to spare his poor father's feelings. I am looking for him this morning, and dread the meeting. I trust our Heavenly Father will comfort him, he loved the lad much. I can only feel as I stand by his coffin and look on his placid face, that he is, I trust, sweetly sleeping in Jesus. They brought him to me from Suffolk in a box, just as he had died, but there is now nothing to shock any one's feelings. I have had crowds to see him since he was in his coffin. It made me feel bad to see the soldiers of his company come in so orderly, and pass around the coffin to take a last look at their comrade, whilst the great tears rolled down their sunburnt cheeks—may God teach them how uncertain is life. Time and space will not allow me to say more.

WHAT OTHERS SAY.

From Dr. W. Madill, Surgeon 20th N. Y. Cavalry, formerly Medical Director.

"You have ever been kind to the soldiers of my regiment, for which please accept my sincere thanks. Many of them will never forget your kindness, and willingness to mete out comforts to them when needed. May God prosper you in your good work, and may you finally reap the reward you so much deserve."

From Captain Peter Bailey, of the 27th Massachusetts Infantry.

"Accept my heartfelt thanks for the many acts of kindness shown to me, a perfect stranger, unknown to you. I shall always remember you with feelings of kindness and friendship, as well as to the boys of my regiment. There are those at home who have already blessed you for your great kindness to many a poor soldier boy."

From the Mother of a Soldier, who went from the Lodge to die at his home in Ohio.

"Allow me, at the close of my letter, to bless and thank you for the great love and

kindness shown to my poor son. He never wearied in talking of you; and oh, how can I thank you for pointing his dear soul to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world. May God ever bless you, and the noble Sanitary Commission for what they have done, and are constantly doing, for our sons on the field of battle."

FROM A SISTER.

"DEAR FRIEND:—I received your kind letter, containing my own to my brother ———, on the 26th inst. I thought I would not answer it until the remains of my dear brother arrived. They reached this place last night. This morning his coffin was opened, and once more we looked upon the face of our long absent and loved one, but not as ever before; for now he is clasped in the embrace of death. Oh! it is painful to see him lie there, so still and quiet, entirely unconscious of our presence, and know that he can never look or speak to us again. His features are natural, and there is a sweet smile resting upon his lips. The flowers placed round him are nearly as fresh as when put there. He loved flowers when he was alive, and I am very grateful to you for putting them in his coffin. His remains and shroud show that loving and careful hands placed him there in his long narrow resting place. Words cannot express the gratitude we feel towards you, for your untiring and affectionate care to our dear absent one, and *God will bless you* for taking care of the needy. We did not know that he was dangerously sick, until we heard of his death; so the news was most unexpected. It would have been a consolation to us if we could have taken care of him, and attended to even any of his wants; but that was impossible, and, as it is, we feel that he was as well cared for as he could have been at home. We thank God for raising him up a helper and comforter in time of sickness and death. * * *

"My brother —— has just this moment come from the post-office, with your kind letter of ——. Your renewed sympathy and affectionate words call forth fresh gratitude. You have done all we can ask, for our dear Robert. One sentence alone gives us great consolation; it was this: 'I hope and trust he has gone to live with our Redeemer.' That is all I wish. They are the most precious words you could have spoken."

SANITARY COMMISSION.

The loyal thousands of the land who have contributed so liberally to the aid and support of the United States Sanitary Commission would be gratified and more than repaid could they see for a day the workings of the Commission in this city. The thousands of our released men who have arrived here during the past and present month from Richmond and other rebel dungeons have been cared for in the most liberal manner, and their many wants supplied from its bountiful storehouses of articles not furnished by the Government.

It is sometimes asked, "How all the money of the Sanitary Commission is expended?" The thousands of our returned prisoners will answer for the department of Annapolis Through the untiring efforts of Major C. F. Howes, of Massachusetts, an old army officer, and his energetic assistant, Mr. P. S. Schwrar, all are made as comfortable as it is possible to make men in their condition. But it is not only our returned prisoners who are the recipients of the bounty of the Commission. The sick and wounded in the hospitals are supplied with many delicacies and comforts that otherwise they would never see or know of, and that materially assist in relieving their sufferings. The Commission here works quietly and unostentatiously, but none the less energetically. It should be fostered by the friends of the soldier everywhere in the land, for all alike, and from every state, have experienced its blessings. — *Balto. American, March* 11, 1863.

LETTER FROM BEAUFORT.

BY M. M. MARSH, M.D.

March 2, 1865.

For the last month, I have very little to communicate.

Our work has been chiefly among the sick, left by General Sherman, at Savannah and Beaufort, comprising about five thousand; which number, however, is rapidly reduced by the hospital boats, *Barnes* and *Ben De Ford*, conveying these diseased men (there are few wounded) as early as possible to a more salubrious clime. Usually the sick are retained in regimental or general hospitals until a removal is simply to secure a northern grave. Not so the policy of General Sherman. As soon as a man sickens he is sent to the rear, and as soon as possible thereafter, north. These men recover and return; and, unlike some other com-

mands, there is no complaint, that "when a man goes north that is the last of him," but there is, from these invalids and recruits, a constant accession in numbers. The soldiers of this army see the immediate fruit of their labors, which doubtless accounts for their unbounded devotion to the interests of this command. For certainly they are clothed and fed more poorly, and worked harder, than any body of troops I have seen. If commiserated, the soldier commonly replies, "If our officers can stand it, we can." The officers of this army do share with the soldier all his privations, and if it lightens not, it makes him willing to endure toil and suffering.

During the month we have received two entire cargoes of sanitary supplies, by the steamer *Uncas*, and have distributed to the necessities of hospitals, to the various detachments of General Sherman's army, lying at Beaufort, awaiting his advent to the coast, and to patients going north upon hospital boats. This latter class have especial reason to bless the providence of the Sanitary Commission. Thrown into hospital with clothing fit only to burn, and while there their respective commands ordered on the march, and no provision made by which they could draw a single article when they should come out of hospital, and the Department of the South unable or unwilling to issue to them, when the time came to return to their regiments, or to be transferred north, the Sanitary Commission was their only reliance, absolutely, in most cases, their only resource. Nor will this call cease while "Sherman's men" are in the department. Their officers have told me that not one-half the clothing which the men required was issued before the march. They assert that the same state of things existed before leaving Atlanta; and the appearance of the army fully justifies the assertion. Anovistus boasted to Cæsar that some of his men had not been under a roof for fourteen years: this army can certainly rival the German's in respect to clothing. There are constantly arriving, too, from the north numbers, temporarily waiting to rejoin their regiments, who are sent without any preparation, and for whom the Commission must provide. In addition, the small-pox hospital—which disease is just now rife—has made no inconsiderable demands upon us. A soldier is taken there, perhaps with a well-filled knapsack, blankets, and overcoat; all these, with all his personal apparel, are burned; and, on leaving hospital, Government allows him for his three blankets, overcoat, dress parade suit, and his personal every day clothing, only one shirt, one pair of stockings, one pair of pants, and a thin flannel blouse; and one who has served his country faithfully, and escapes death from a disease which eminently reduces vitality, is turned out to the damp and piercing winds with this protection, inadequate for the most robust and hardy; and this is said to be by an order from the war-office. Certain, it is the practice, and the country ought to know it.

These calls alone have made large drafts upon the Commission; but on the 25th ultimo we forwarded to Morehead City, N. C., by the steamer *Uncas*, to meet this roving army, an entire cargo of sanitary stores, in part composed of the following: 200 bbls. pickles, 150 bbls. kraut, 6,000 lbs. canned tomatoes, 3,000 lbs. beef stock, 4,200 lbs. canned milk, 600 bottles stimulants, 20 chests of tea, with coffee, sugar, butter, hams, cheese, 2,000 lbs. dried apples and fruit, 150 bbls. soft crackers, and the the different farinaceous articles in proportion; with clothing consisting of 200 military overcoats, 200 prs. pants, 200 blouses and dress-coats, 1000 blankets, 37 cases woolen shirts, 23 cases of drawers, 17 cases of socks, 8,000 towels, 9,000 handkerchiefs, 8 cases of cushions and pillows; and a corresponding supply of the little but very necessary articles of pins, needles, thread, &c., with stationery and postage stamps,—a necessity, from the fact that most of this working, conquering army have received no pay for more than eight months, whether members of cabinet and Congress have or have not drawn their monthly stipend. The above cargo, with one nearly equal in value, which we hope the Commission in New York will ship directly for Morehead City, will pretty fully meet the wants of these brave, intelligent men, of whom the West may well be proud; and giving an elasticity of muscular fibre and feeling, which a recognition of services always insures, will help them to accomplish that which they most desire, viz., to meet the strength of the rebellion, under him whom, inch by inch, they fought, from Chattanooga to Atlanta. For such men the country cannot do too much; and at this juncture the efficiency of this army, to an extent, depends upon the efforts of the Sanitary Commission.

BY F. A. S. PERRY.

HEADQUARTERS U. S. SAN. COM. IN THE FIELD, SIX MILES FROM COVE CREEK, *March* 11, 1865.

SIR:—I have the honor to report, that for the past week my time has been occupied at Newbern and here, as follows:

Last Sunday and Monday I was at Newbern, discharging the cargo of the Commission's steamer *Uncas*. Tuesday we were engaged in storing away the same. Wednesday we packed stores for the front, put them aboard the cars, and came to this place, pitched our tent, and placed our stores under shelter. In doing all this we had very hard muscular work to perform, and since we arrived here we have been up late every night, issuing relief to our sick and wounded.

It was the early hour of one o'clock Thursday morning when we reached this place, and, after three hours sleep in camp, were in readiness to commence work for the day. We first arranged our stores in tent, so as to be had when wanted, and took us about midday, when in came some seventy wounded from the front, to whom we rendered every assistance in our power. We pitched a tent for them, spread it with straw, and helped them in it, and furnished them with sacks and blankets, made them beef soup and coffee, gave to such as were wounded in the feet socks, in the legs drawers, in the body shirts, and to all such as were dirty such articles of clothing as they were in need of. The beef soup and coffee were very timely, as the poor fellows had come seven miles in ambulances, over a dreadful road, and were weak and hungry. They blessed us over and over again, and will one day say to the people of the North, the Sanitary Commission has been a God-send to them. It was stormy through the day, and at night a heavy and chilly rain set in, and, but for the tent we gave them, they would have had none. They were dependent upon us for a change of clothing and for food, except hard-tack and salt pork.

On Friday showers of rain fell, and the heaviest fighting at the front occurred; but only some forty men of our wounded have yet come in here. We served them as we did those of yesterday, and left them only as they fell asleep or sought it. At midnight I set out upon horseback, with a quantity of stores for the 3d Division Hospital, at Gum Swamp, five miles distant, as they were wanted for immediate relief. My path thither was alongside the railroad track, and was in some places so narrow my horse's hoofs would strike the sleepers, so close did I have to ride to the track, from fear of my horse falling into the deep ravine which runs from here all the way to Gum Swamp. When half way up, my horse became restive, and backed down into the ravine, there some eight feet deep, and half full of mud and water, but did not dismount me. My horse became more restive than ever, and, as I reined him up the steep bank, he stood upon his haunches and leaped, taking me through a margin of thick bush, and, leaping again, stumbled and fell with me to the ground, doing me no injury, further than maiming me a little. Upon reaching Gum Swamp, I found the hospital there more than full of wounded patients, and in immediate want of the stimulants and beef stock brought them, and greatly in need of blankets and other things I had not with me. I therefore slept upon the ground beside a blazing fire, with nothing but two rails underneath and the canopy of heaven above.

Saturday morning, as early as seven o'clock, I left Gum Swamp and returned upon foot, without having had a mite of breakfast, and reached here in about two hours after. No wounded have come in to-day, and our issues have been small, so I have had time for rest.

A MAJOR'S OPINION OF THE SOLDIERS' HOME AT COLUMBUS, OHIO.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, *March* 17, 1865.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Being detained in this city for four hours to-day, by missing the Crestline train, I thought I could spend my time profitably in visiting the Soldiers' Home, a large and commodious building erected by that truly patriotic and national organization, the United States Sanitary Commission. The building is only a few yards from the depot, and the sick or wounded soldier needs no direction to find it, for a large, conspicuous sign informs all that it is the Soldiers' Home; and, on entering, I assure you I found it to be such. I entered a large sitting-room, where I found about sixty returned prisoners sitting comfortably around a glowing stove, and reciting to a few listeners their thrilling stories of outrage and wrong, that make us blush for our kind south of Mason and Dixon.

To the left of the entrance was a large hall, with long, cleanly spread tables, on which was loaded an abundance of that wholesome food for which these noble fellows had pined during their gloomy captivity. But now "they were in God's country," as they called the North; and I felt, as I gazed on these provisions made for their comfort by the voluntary contributions of our citizens, that they were also "amongst God's people." One of the officers of the Commission took me into the comfortable little hospital attached to the "Home," where I saw rows of neat, clean cots, and on each was stretched the pale, emaciated form of a returned prisoner. Poor fellows! no tongue can tell their sufferings while in the hands of "the chivalry;" and, although I have seen the reality myself, I listened with renewed interest, and, as I heard some touching story from the lips of a worn-down, ghastly looking soldier, once a strong and stalwart youth, I could not hold back the tears of sympathy, while the fires of indignation burned afresh against our more than barbarous foe. But here, in the cozy "Home," there was a quiet feeling of happiness. Kind hands were here to minister, and a hundred comforts assured them that their prolonged captivity was not caused by a lack of interest on the part of the American people. They fully appreciated the philanthropy of the Sanitary Commission; and I heard many repeat the oft-quoted phrase, "God bless the ladies." I understand these poor fellows will be forwarded to their homes to-morrow, and their places will be occupied by others coming on. I assure you, my friend, my heart went out towards this noble organization, and I know every true soldier blesses it.

The Legislature is in session here, but my visit to the Home prevented my going to see the State-House. I hope to see you soon. With best wishes, believe me

Faithfully your friend,

A. R. C.

"SANITARY SUPPLIES FOR THE SOULS OF SOLDIERS."

An editorial in the New York *Observer* of 23d inst., under the above caption, seems to require a notice and reply, as follows:

The U. S. Sanitary Commission has never purchased a dollar's worth of Unitarian or Universalist literature for the army; but such literature having been sent to it for distribution, and some of our soldiers, having a preference for that kind of reading, the Commisson, as a national organization, had no right to determine that they should not read what had been sent. The ranks of our army are not filled up exclusively by orthodox or evangelical Christians; there are tens of thousands who do not believe as most Christians do, and whose convictions are just as firm and as honest as ours are, and we have no right to attempt to control their choice, unless we can furnish them with what we think is better. The "boys" in the army, (as some are pleased to call our soldiers,) are eager for reading matter, and if the Church does not supply the kind of reading that is best for them, through this largest and most efficient agency within reach of the people and the army, we have no right to complain that the men seek other kind of reading. If we would flood the Sanitary Commission with a stream of gospel truth, in the form of good books, bibles, &c., it would flow through every camp and hospital in the land, for the healing of the nation. The Church, however, has not done this. It has not availed itself of the providential advantages that were thrown in its way. The Sanitary Commission has appealed to them again and again for religious literature, but the supply has been small. Soon after the Christian Commission came into being, it was welcomed by the Sanitary Commission, by whom the proposition was made to transfer the whole matter of receiving and distributing religious reading to them, as well as the matter of religious teaching, provided that the Sanitary Commission should be allowed to act as the channel for all the stores that might be contributed by the people. Had such an arrangement been made, the agents of both Commissions would have had a common storehouse for supplies, and a common storehouse for reading matter, and a union and fellowship of interest and labor would have been seen, such as the world has never

yet seen; but the offer was declined. The Christian Commission claimed to be the representative of the Christian sentiment of the people, and by this act of refusal to cooperate have placed that sentiment below, as we think, its normal and actual standard. The Sanitary Commission was thus compelled either to ignore its broad, catholic principles, or to continue before the country as an unbiased, free, and universal channel for whatever *the people* might send to the army The wants of the soldier must be met; the nation demands it. His moral and spiritual, as well as his physical wants must be met. The Church by its immediate agency or by its assumed representative, the Christian Commission, has not met the emergency, by supplying the reading and supplementing the chaplaincy, as its sole and honored calling, and hence must bear the responsibility of the evil now complained of. It was in its power to have controlled by an overwhelming influence this whole question, so far as national organizations were concerned. It did not, however, measure up to the demands of the hour, and has lost the grandest advantage that ever opened before a Christian organization. The record of the Sanitary Commission is clear upon this subject. While it has never assumed to teach religion in either of its distinctive forms, and while it has never published or contributed to the publication of Unitarian or Universalist literature, it has published by tens of thousands, hymns from our choicest Christian selections, and psalms, commandments, and prayers, such as are commonly used in all our Sabbath and domestic services. These have been circulated by authority in all parts of the army, while no strictly *denominational* literature has ever been officially recognized. It could not have done otherwise. The grand spirit of Christian charity, and the noble expression of Christian benevolence that crown this age with the richest honor for the past, and promise for the future, would not have been satisfied with any narrower ground.

The only remedy now available for the evil complained of by the *Observer*, is for the Church to gird up its loins and go into the work, in connection with the Sanitary Commission—to use this organization for the free and abundant employment of our Christian literature. It will be gladly received and diligently circulated. This institution is acknowledged to be the broadest, grandest, and most comprehensive instrument known to the world, for reaching all parts of the army; and, as its storehouses are open for Christian books, and its agents are ready to receive them, and the soldiers are anxious to read them, the Church is recreant to its obligation, in not using such an opportunity for extended usefulness. The Managers of the Commission have never authorized its agents to call for such reading as the *Observer* objects to; they call upon whomsoever will give, and the Church cannot afford to be less liberal in giving than those whom the Church ignores. On the other hand, the Managers have objected by vote to propositions from associations that are named by the *Observer*, to allow their missionaries to use the Commission as a vehicle for promoting their denominational interests. The *Observer* thinks the "Commission should decline altogether the work of circulating religious reading," rather than subject itself to objection on such grounds. It is submitted again, that the Commission, foreseeing the evils of a division of interest, proposed the only remedy to the Christian Commission, but they, declining to accept the exclusive work of supplying the army with religious books, have unintentionally assumed the burden of the evil of which complaint is now made. The remedy is with the people. The last paragraph in the *Observer's* article points to this remedy;—it is, that Christians "put forth vastly augmented efforts." Let these efforts be in the direction, *not of opposition to the Sanitary Commission*, but efforts which shall embrace this most efficient and comprehensive agency, that opens its doors for

all the contributions that may be given, and offers its aid in the scattering of every tract or Testament that may be placed at its disposal. This question must be met—fairly met. If the churches and the religious press can afford to say that the Sanitary Commission is not a Christian commission as well, they can afford to ignore tens of thousands of their church members and subscribers, who are identified with its interests, and who will continue to be, while it is in existence. It has been sustained hitherto by the Christianity of the land as a Christian work; it has been peculiarly prospered and blessed by a Providential guidance, which is cause for constant thanksgiving. We would say, then, to those who offer these objections, mark well the paths of your feet, that all your ways may be established. Remember the beam, before striking at the mote.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL CONFERENCE.

Remarks by Doctor Joseph Parrish, of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, before the Philadelphia Conference, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, March 23, 1865. *Reported for the Bulletin.*

Mr. President:—I have to thank this Conference for the opportunity thus afforded me to speak for a few moments, especially as the opportunity was not only unsought by myself, but unthought of until the propopition came voluntarily from this body. I receive your invitation as another evidence of the fraternal interest you have frequently manifested towards me on former occasions, and while I heartily appreciate it, I desire in any way that I can, to reciprocate it. It is also another evidence of the interest you feel in promoting the works of humanity, and of knowing the whole truth as to what is being done by the people for our army and navy; and for this I offer you especial thanks. I want to say to you a few words about the United States Sanitary Commission, not because I want to divert your attention from other interests, but simply that you may know what you do not now know about that Commission. It was instituted very soon after the commencement of this war, and one of its characteristics is, that it is a mixed Commission. It knows no denomination. It recognizes no race. It believes in no party lines, and its action covers the entire territory of the United States, regardless of all differences of opinion, and of all sects. In that respect it differs from some other organizations.

As to the extent of this work, I have only to say that having been appointed by the President of the United States and the Secretary of War, at the request of the Surgeon General, it felt it to be its duty to go wherever the army and navy went. If you will begin at Washington, and run down the Potomac and all along the coast, till you get to the Florida Keys, then come up the Gulf coast and follow it to the mouth of the Rio Grande, and starting again at New Orleans up the Mississippi to the mouth of the Ohio, and go westward and eastward to St. Louis, and Cincinnati, and Pittsburg, you have a line covering over four thousand miles of extent, which the Sanitary Commission has traversed with its stores and agents, and where it is now represented by some of its agencies at garrisons, ports, camps and hospitals. If you will then begin at Harper's Ferry, and follow Sheridan in his march through the Valley, you will find the work of this Commission represented in every foot of that march, and its relief afforded in every battle. If you will begin with the noble Sherman, when he started from Chattanooga, not on a grand march, but on his quiet promenade across all those states, till he came to the coast, you will find all along his journey, the Sanitary Commission accompanying him, with its agents and stores. When he reached Savannah and Charleston, he was met also by the agents of this Commission, with their storehouses all supplied. And if you will go for a little while in front of Petersburg, among the trenches and hospitals there, you will find the same work of busy care for present, and active preparation for anticipated wants. I run over this, simply to show the extent of the field of service occupied by the Commission.

We have also a large home work, with ten thousand women all through the Northern states, as an available army, engaged in various churches and communities, not in gathering money simply, to be sent to our treasury, but in gathering stores as well, to be sent to our depots of collection and distribution.

You will ask, very naturally, "How are these goods distributed?" The question comes up here as to the voluntary system and the paid system of distribution. Our people, in some places, have an idea, and probably some of this Conference sympathize with that idea, that the surgeons and even the chaplains are accused of appropriating the stores intended for the soldiers for their own use. Now, I don't believe that our chaplains are that class of men. I don't believe the surgeons and officers of the American army are made of such stuff, that they will take the contributions of the people, and withold them from the soldiers for whom they are intended. But the system of distributing these goods in the hospitals and the trenches by the agents, who are paid, or distributing them in the hospitals by surgeons, who make requisitions for them, is a question which interests the people, and about which they ought to know.

The voluntary system is a grand system. It brings into the service hundreds and thousands of men, from the pulpits and colleges of the North, and puts them right alongside the soldiers in the hospitals, and in personal sympathy with them. They no doubt do good there, and when they come home they do good by stirring up the people in behalf of the soldiers; but as a question of economy, and efficiency, it is very doubtful in experience. The Sanitary Commission, I am thankful to say, employs agents in the field, pays them a reasonable compensation for their service, and keeps them at it. We would just as soon expect to receive them for nothing, as a reliable force, as we would expect to see the government calling upon its citizens to go down for a month or so to try the battle-field, and come back to be exchanged for others who would do a similar amount of service, on the same gratuitous terms, and busy themselves gathering new recruits for the same voluntary employment.

I will not detain you with incidents of this field-service, to excite your sympathies, and awaken your responses, for of these there are more than I can tell. You do not need this. Your patriotism is all alive, your hearts are all aglow with noble impulses, and I know I need not attempt to add to the inspiration you already feel; but I believe there is solid sense enough in this Conference to take hold of this great question in all its solemn weight and importance, and measure it in its vast proportions; and while time will not allow me to do more than glance at the surface of the work, I must call to your notice one phase of it done by the Sanitary Commission that nobody else does, that the Christian Commission, or the government does not, and that would not be done, but for the Sanitary Commission.

While we are sitting here to-day, there are thousands of soldiers—to say nothing of those who are in the hospitals, and who are otherwise disabled from efficient service—who are in transitu from their homes to the field, and from their regiments to their homes, on furlough, who need to be fed and lodged, and to be provided for, personally, in various ways, who have their claims upon the government for back pay, bounty, prize money, &c. Also, thousands of widows all through the land, who have similar claims against the government; and who, if it were not for some benevolent agency in their behalf, like the Sanitary Commission, would fall into the hands of sharpers, and be deprived of a great portion of their money. Every day there are from five to ten thousand soldiers fed and lodged, and having their claims against the government collected, free of charge, who are kept out of rum-shops, and drawn away from other sources of temptation and evil, and directed on their pathway home. In this city there is to-day, in the office at 1307 Chestnut street, a crowd of soldiers and soldiers families, who are there to receive direction and guidance. An hundred a day, on an average, present their claims upon the government through that office alone for back pay, prize money, &c.; and as many more come, wanting little personal attentions and guidance. Then, all through the trains along the western routes, and up through our great throughfare, from Washington to New York, are hospital cars attached to the trains, when needed for carrying the sick to the hospitals of the East and North; and three times a week a physician is always on the train from Washington to New York, ready to administer medicine and necessary luxuries to those sick and wounded soldiers who may need them. And all this is free of expense to the soldiers. The money expended for this purpose comes from the great loyal heart of the American people. Now, as a conference of ministers, representing a great church, you will very naturally ask of this Commission, which has spent ten million dollars worth of supplies upon the

army, within the past four years,—this Commission, which covers so great an extent of territory, that has at hand such wonderful resources, *Does it carry the gospel to the soldiers?* The popular sentiment is that it does not. If you will tell me what the gospel is, in your judgment, then, perhaps, I will be enabled to answer the question a little more definitely. If by carrying the gospel is meant carrying simply methodism, presbyterianism, or any other *ism* in the shape of dogmas and preaching, then the Sanitary Commission don't do it. It recognizes, I said, no race, no degree, no denomination, but it goes with the love and example of Christ, carrying comforts personally to the men who are fighting the battles of our country. It does that kind of work without stint, and none work so efficiently in its behalf as the ministers of the gospel themselves, and in no strictly ministerial service do they do more or better preaching than in these deeds of mercy.

I would not appeal to so low a motive as the Methodism of this body to enlist its sympathy on behalf of the soldiers. I would appeal rather to its high, noble Christianity, and ask it to recognize in our efforts the hand of the Almighty leading a great people to the performance of the noblest Christian charities that a nation was ever called to perform. How can you look upon this vast work and be indifferent to its success? Can the church afford to say that it will not give it a helping hand? that it will not aid this well planned scheme of benevolence, and assist its well directed instrumentality which the people have so generally employed to attain a humane and Christian object?

It was my privilege during part of last summer to have charge of the work of the Sanitary Commission in the armies operating against Richmond. We had seventy ministers and theological students employed in our service; not for a few weeks at a time, but month after month; some of them laying down their lives, in going from bed to bed, and from intrenchment to intrenchment, administering comfort, temporal and spiritual, to the soldiers there. I mention these things in order to secure the judgment of this Conference in favor of the declaration that this work is a Christian work. I do this because an effort has been made, and is now being made, to prove that it is not a Christian work. But I feel sure that this body of Christian ministers are not prepared to endorse such a sentiment.

I have been asked (and I confess that I approach the subject with some delicacy, because I know that I may come in contact with the sympathies of a great many men whom I love), I have been asked to state distinctly to this body what is the relation of the U. S. Sanitary Commission with the Christian Commission. I do it frankly, in a plain, honest, Christian spirit, as I trust. The Sanitary Commission was the first-born child of benevolence in a national form, which this country knew after the outbreak of the rebellion. After it was organized, planned, and in full operation, the Christian Commission, its young and vigorous sister, came into the field likewise. We received her with open arms, and said, Come, let us work together. We made the official proposition,—Come, let us work together,—let us go hand in hand, and heart to heart into this magnificent field, and do whatsoever our hands find to do in this behalf; and in order that there may be no collision you shall share our supplies, and we will share of your Bibles, Testaments, and tracts. and both lend our time and strength to the cause of God and the Union. Let *us* do the hard, grinding toil of carrying the boxes, and wheeling the barrels, and feeding and dressing the soldiers, and let your duties be that of administering to their spiritual wants. That was the official proposition made to these brethren. What was the answer? "No." And so we went on with the work, each of us doing what we could. Again the proposition was made, and again declined. Perhaps it is well that it was declined. Perhaps there is much more interest created in the country by having two agencies. Perhaps there are larger contributions by the people, and though it may be well, in this respect, experience has proved that it is not economical. But as we can't have this unity of action in one direction, or through one channel, let us have unity of feeling and concord, and let us go on with this work to the end. (Applause.)

I don't believe as some do that the war is going to be stopped in ten days or two weeks. I believe there are deeper issues at stake than can be settled in so short a time. An army of five hundred thousand men cannot be disbanded in a few days. An army of one hundred thousand or more disabled men cannot find employ-

ment in so short a season. The thousands who are now in the hospitals, and such as are about to be discharged, cannot come back and take to their old industrial pursuits at once. We must therefore keep up our organization, which looks to the welfare of men so situated. Such is now the programme which is laid out under the direction of the Sanitary Commission. For this purpose Annapolis alone, with its wasted and starving prisoners is enough to engage the labor and sympathy of the country for a long time, and here the Commission has done an immense work. Oh, if I could only infuse into this Conference the spirit that was manifested by a poor widow woman at Annapolis, the other day, who went down there in search of her son, who had been taken prisoner, and who had died in Andersonville, I know that you would be the better for the inspiration. She said to some of his comrades at Annapolis, on their return, "Have you seen my George?" "Yes, I saw George," said a former associate of her son's, "I saw George carried out of prison in Andersonville, dead." "Oh no," said she; "George can't be dead. My George is not dead." And as the next boat came up to the wharf, and the poor fellows from the Southern dungeons walked out with their skeleton faces staring upon freedom again, and their feeble limbs tottering homeward, every man looking like every other man, so that you could scarcely distinguish them, she stood anxiously at the plank, and gazed into the eyes of each one that passed, hoping to find her George; and she did not leave when all the living had landed, but waited till the dead were carried off on stretchers, and as each corpse was brought out she lifted up the sheet that covered it, and gazed at the face hoping yet to recognize her son; but still it was not George. Having seen the whole number, she came to the conclusion that George had really died in Andersonville, and then, with the noble impulse of a noble American woman, she said, "*Well, it is no matter, they are all Georges to me, and instead of grieving and lamenting I will go into these hospitals and take care of every one of them, just as I would of George.*" (Applause.)

That is the spirit that actuates the women of this land. That is the spirit that ought to actuate every man in this land; a spirit of universal sympathy, a spirit unfettered by name or rank. When our denominational preferences rise up to hinder us in our labors, we should banish them for the broader and truer love of God and humanity, and reach our hands out to every man that fights under our flag, be he black or white, American or foreigner. So long as he has the blue uniform on his back and the brass buttons on his coat, and marches under the broad standard of liberty, he should be recognized as a brother and friend. (Applause.)

Now then, Christian brethren, let us think this thing over; and no matter whether we be pledged to this or that charity, let us remember that the Sanitary Commission is a universal Christian charity, such as the world has never before witnessed. It occurs to my mind here that when I last saw this Conference two years ago, you little thought at that time, when under circumstances which you will all remember, there was a spirit of fear and trembling passed over this body, when a few little children stood up before you to sing a hymn of praise to God to the tune of "Old John Brown;" that you yourselves during this Conference would rise up with the same tune on your lips to sing the battle cry of the Republic beginning with

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;"

and each verse ending with the stirring refrain

"The truth is marching on."

And two years from this day you will be astonished on reviewing the past to see the conquests that truth shall have made in the church and out of the church. The truth is marching on, and God is marching on.

All I have to say now is that you remember this work, that it is a Christian work, and when you hear people say that it is not, do not stop to argue the question. Take the example of our blessed Master, who went about doing good to all, and compare that with the work of this Commission and settle the question for yourselves.

Rev. S. W. Thomas desired to know how ministers of the gospel would offer their services to the Commission, and also how soldiers obtained their pensions through the Sanitary Commission.

Dr. Parrish said that if any members of this Conference desired to work in behalf of the army, through the Sanitary Commission, or desire to go to the front, that

they could do so by sending their names and residence to him, and if there should be an emergency requiring the service of such men they would soon be called upon. Passes will be furnished at Philadelphia, and the way will be opened for doing much good. They would have the privilege of living in tents, eating hard tack and bacon, and going about doing good, like their Master did before them.

Rev. Mr. Neill inquired as to the manner of procuring pensions and back pay through the Sanitary Commission.

Dr. Parrish said there are offices in this city, and in all the principal cities, where all claims against the government are collected without cost to the soldier or his friends. In this connection he stated a case of a widow whose husband had died in the war, and who had a claim against the government. Not knowing how to collect it, she went to a lawyer who charged her two-thirds of the whole amount that was coming to her. A widow applying for money due her must give a satisfactory voucher as to her marriage and identity, stating the name of her husband, the company and regiment to which he was attached, and other necessary information. It is of course necessary that strict attention be paid to the details, to protect the Commission and the government against fraud. We have published a little book called the Soldier's Friend, which is to be had at the offices of the Commission; which book contains the necessary directions for all these matters, and a copy which is on the stand for each member of the body.

Dr. Parrish thanked the Conference for the kind attention with which they had listened to his remarks, and retired from the stand amid the congratulations of the members. A resolution of thanks was passed for his address, and of commendation of the cause.

EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER OF DR. C. R. AGNEW, OF U. S. SAN. COMMISSION.

WILMINGTON, N. C., *March* 20, 1865.

The returned prisoners sent number about 9,000. Of these, 6,000, the less famished, have been sent North. General Abbott, who receives them in exchange, just told me that language would utterly fail to describe their condition. Filth, rags, nakedness, starvation were personified in their condition. Many of the men were in a state of mind resembling idiocy, unable to tell their names, and lost to all sense of modesty, unconscious of their nakedness and personal condition; some of them moving about on their hands and knees, unable to stand upon their gangrenous feet, looked up like hungry dogs, beseeching the observer for a bite of bread or a sup of water. Some of them hitched along on their hands and buttocks, pushing gangrenous feet, literally reduced to bone and threads, before them. Others leaned upon staves, and gazed from sunken eyes through the parchment like slits of their open eyelids into space, without having the power to fix an intelligent gaze upon passing objects. Others giggled and smirked and hobbled like starved idiots, while some adamantine figures walked erect, as though they meant to move the skeleton homewards, so long as vitality enough remained to enable them to do so. To see the men who remain here in the hospitals, would move a heart as hard and cold as marble. Their arms and legs look like coarse reeds, with bulbous joints, and their faces as though a skilful taxidermist had drawn tanned skin over the bare skull, and then placed false eyes in the orbital cavities. They defy description. It would take a pen expert in the use of every term known to the anatomist and physician, to begin to explain their fearful condition. "May God, in his mercy, forgive our enemies."

WOMAN'S CENTRAL ASSOCIATION OF RELIEF.

GLEANINGS.—NO. IX.

Will our Auxiliary Societies be kind enough to send us their names, and the names of their Presidents and Secretaries, before the 1st of May? And will those who have already done so, during the past year, be good enough to repeat it, as we want to make our list complete up to the latest dates. *Auxiliary* Societies are defined in a previous article as "those who, by vote, bind themselves to work exclusively through our agency." Those societies, however, who do this, without having gone through the formality of voting, may be entered upon the list as auxiliaries.

In this connection we cannot forbear speaking of the pleasure we have recently had in welcoming to our ranks the "Soldiers' Aid Society" of Rochester. For years this great centre has been one of our most valuable contributors, and we may well feel gratified at this unsolicited expression of confidence from a society so large, so flourishing, and of such marked efficiency as that of the "Rochester Soldiers' Aid

Society." The letter, lately received, says: "We have held our meeting, and the motion for an auxiliaryship to the Woman's Central Relief Association was carried unanimously. The change seems, at first view, merely in *form*, we were so closely connected with you before—and yet it is more than this. There is a great difference between contributing to the Sanitary Commission from month to month at pleasure, and identifying ourselves with it. The latter gives us a more fixed character, moulds us into a more definite shape, in other words, precipitates us into a Sanitary crystal. We talk Sanitary Commission now in more decided words and tones than before, and the decided and general satisfaction evinced, although I had felt that we were ready for the movement, exceds even my anticipations."

While looking for the letter from which to make the above extract, we happened upon, and stopped to read over for perhaps the twentieth time, a little package of letters, now lying on the table beside us. It is an unassuming little package, held loosely together by an elastic strap, the letters themselves seeming never to have been either folded, or filed, or pasted, or spiled, but retaining each its individual post office character. Should you ask to what department these letters belong, and whether you might not endorse, and put them away, we should answer that they don't "belong" anywhere, and that they are never put away. The fact is that we like to keep them always in sight, and think we value them none the less for not having the business-like look of other correspondence. And, at the close of one of our "statistical" days,—so called because spent in poring over figures, balancing accounts, or making up reports,—when eyes and brain are weary, there are some of us who think—it may be only a fancy—that there is a talismanic charm about the little package, a charm which dispels fatigue, and brings rest and renewed strength.

The busy, bustling day's work is over, and we may hope for a quiet half hour before going home. Take this seat, here by the desk, and let us read over the little package together. This first letter is from one of our old correspondents. Struggling with ill health she has still kept on with the work until this year, and now writes to say how much she regrets that increased feebleness obliges her to cease every active effort. We want to thank her again for that unreserved expression of confidence in the Sanitary Commission, for her words of personal sympathy, and for the little glimpse of home-life, so simply told: "I have three little girls," she writes, "who, for a while, have been denying themselves *sugar* at the table, on articles of food where they most desired it, and the money they have raised by this means has been called their 'soldier money.' In the box, which will I hope soon reach you, you will find sago, tapioca, &c., for the hospitals, provided by these little girls with their well-earned money, and affording them the sincerest pleasure, I assure you. The lint and bandages have been made, and the bundle of cotton and linen washed and ironed with their own hands. May some suffering hero find even half the comfort in these articles, which the little girls have found in their preparation."

God bless the children! Could the soldier, slowly recovering from fever in some distant hospital, but know of the three little hearts, beating so warmly for him, of the six little hands, ministering so tenderly to his comfort, we think it would put new life into the worn-out body, and homesick heart—would make him feel that he was not alone, while the love of these little children remained with him, a love sealed by sacrifice.

A little note drops out of the package; merely two or three lines, of very familiar handwriting, which came with a pair of socks. They are the one hundred and thirty-fourth pair knit and sent us by an old lady in her seventy-fourth year. Those two letters may lie together. Surely, this must be a blessed work, to be so sanctified by the gifts of childhood and old age.

The third letter, from a private in hospital at Germantown, was brought us by the mother herself. She had not heard from her boy for ten weeks, since this, his last letter—no answer to her letter; and "he had always been so good about writing—would we write to the surgeon for her? for perhaps, Miss, they might answer a letter from you, with the printing at the top of it, sooner than they would my poor writing." We give the letter, word for word, as it lies open before us:—

"U. S. Hospital, Germantown,
December 23, 1864.

"My dear Mother:—I hope you got home safe from here, and that your health is better than when you were here. My health is very poor, but I hope it will soon improve. I have fretted about the loss I came to, not on my own account, but on

your account. When I paid my money on that place I thought I would have a home for you in your old age; but God forgive them that cheated me out of my deeds. Dear mother, keep up your heart; if I am spared to come home, I will make you happy and comfortable. Yet I would advise you to stop in New York, as you belong to it, and when my time is up I will claim you—if I don't make up my mind to join the army again, if there is another call for men. But don't be angry, if I say I love my country's cause, and the dear old flag, I may say, better. Do you blame me for doing so? Although I have a ball in my cheek, it will not stop me from facing the enemy; and, dear mother, if I should fall, you live in a noble country. It will not let you want, as you will be entitled to a pension. Dear mother, I hope you will be praying for me, and I hope I will soon be enabled to rally round our dear old flag once again; and don't be afraid, but we will shout the battle cry of freedom.

"I must conclude; and remain

"Your affectionate son until death,

"———— ————.

"Co. A, 140th Regt. N. Y. Vols."

There may be many letters coming home, day after day, from camp and hospital, as simple and as true as this is; but we do not remember seeing one more noble in spirit, or which breathed a stronger love of country, united with such tender filial affection, as shown in these rough, untutored lines, from the boy in the hospital to his widowed mother at home. And so our soldiers fight and fall. Thank God, that we are permitted to do something for such men as these—let us pray that we may be faithful to the privilege and to the trust.

We will read no more to-day. Fold up the letters; slip them under the strap. Lie there little package—your charm is still unbroken; for are we not rested, and is not our strength renewed?

For the Committee on Correspondence.

LOUISA LEE SCHUYLER,
Chairman.

NEW YORK, 7 COOPER UNION,
March 24, 1865.

THE GREAT SANITARY FAIR.

FINAL REPORT OF THE PROCEEDS—MORE THAN A MILLION DOLLARS MADE.

We have received the following documents, showing the results of the Great Philadelphia Fair:

UNITED STATES SANITARY COMMISSION,
PHILADELPHIA AGENCY,
No. 1307 CHESTNUT ST., *March* 24, 1864.

To the Editor of the Press:

SIR:—I beg leave to enclose to you copies of the receipt by the Treasurer of the United States Sanitary Commission, and the letter of the President of the Commission, to John Welsh, Esq., showing the fruits of the Fair, and the acknowledgments of the Commission to the Philadelphia gentlemen who conducted it.

Subject to the receipt of final reports from some of the committees, the work of the Fair is now closed; and the Sanitary Commission acknowledge gratefully your active and valuable aid in attaining the results now realized.

Very respectfully yours,

HORACE BINNEY, JR.,
Chairman of Executive Committee of Philadelphia Associates of the United States Sanitary Commission.

Received, New York, Feb. 17, 1865, of C. Cope, Treasurer of the Philadelphia Associates of the U. S. Sanitary Commission, one million, thirty-five thousand, three hundred and ninety-eight dollars and ninety-six cents, being the net proceeds of the Great Central Fair, held in Philadelphia, in June last, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission.

$1,035,398 96. GEORGE T. STRONG,
Treasurer of the U. S. Sanitary Commission.

NEW YORK, February 25, 1865.

TO JOHN WELSH, ESQ.,
President of the Great Central Fair.

DEAR SIR:—On returning to New York, after a week's absence, the Treasurer of our Commission informs me of his receipt from Mr. Caleb Cope of the sum of ($1,035,398 $\frac{96}{100}$) one million and thirty-five thousand, three hundred and ninety-eight and $\frac{96}{100}$ dollars, being the total net product of the Great Central Fair, for the benefit of the United States Sanitary Commission. We have remitted $514,310 08 to our Philadelphia associates, to be expended in their Branch, for our general benefit.

The grand result of your Fair is already known to all the world. I found the people in California rejoicing in it last July, and the beautiful chromotype commemorating the scene of it hangs in hundreds of homes, thousands of miles apart, on both sides of our continental country. The elegant record which our distinguished fellow-commissioner, Mr. Stillé, has made of the Fair,

already in so many admiring hands, will, with other documents of the Commission, be, in a few days, on its way to Egypt, to fill an order made by American friends there in favor of the reigning Pasha.

There is no part of the world where the history of the uprising of American women and children, American homes, American industry and art, in behalf of the brave sufferers in the cause of our national integrity and stableness, has not excited an enthusiastic sympathy and approbation, and redounded to the honor of free, popular institutions and the American name. The United States Sanitary Commission had the privilege of leading off in this glorious career, and of first crystallizing on a national scale the sympathies and practical benevolence of the people, in behalf of our sick and wounded soldiers. Into its treasury, accordingly, have flowed the broad streams of the popular favor and support; and specially it has worn about its neck a golden chain, on which the great cities, linked together, have hung their jewels, each more splendid than the other, as it caught the public eye, and all dearer than Cleopatra's pearl, because to be finally dissolved in a draught of mercy, for lips more royal, even those of an army of martyrs for Liberty.

No city in the Union has given a stouter and more persistent support to the war, to the comfort of soldiers on their way to and from the war, or to the relief of the sick and wounded falling in the course of the war, than Philadelphia; and to no city, except San Francisco, is the United States Sanitary Commission so much indebted for an intelligent, laborious, and costly support —a support including moral, intellectual, and financial sustenance and loyalty. Philadelphia has understood and endorsed the peculiar principles of the Sanitary Commission, trusted its officers with generous confidence, and fed its treasury with systematic contributions.

The magnificent contribution we have just received, the product of your Fair, is, I venture to say, the largest ever made in one sum, not only to this, but to any unincorporated charity in the world. It is a miracle of free, concerted action seeking with unjealous and confiding benevolence to make an institution, without local or State interest, the almoner of its overflowing bounty towards those sufferers made sacred by the cause in which they offer their lives and shed their blood. You have freshened the Declaration of Independence, originally made in your city, issuing it anew, rewritten in the blood of your sons, with every precious line of it now illuminated with your gold.

I was, fortunately, present at the great gathering of the heads of all the economical interests of your vast hive of industry, when the Fair was inaugurated by assigning its departments to the most energetic men in Philadelphia. I said then, what I repeat here, that I never knew an undertaking whose success was so thoroughly assured by the method and spirit in which it was started. What the zeal, the taste, and the generosity of your State and city—not unaided by New Jersey and Delaware—finally produced in the way of a splendid and instructive spectacle, I learn from thousands who had a pleasure denied to me, then in California, of visiting that beautiful temple of art and humanity. The solid product of all those labors and successes I have now the profound gratification of acknowledging the receipt of, into the treasury for which it was originally designed.

To that Divine Providence in which all great blessings originate; to the generous public who first gave and then bought back the materials of the Fair; to the women of of your city and neighborhood, whose taste and humanity, whose strength and tenderness flowed into its preparation and conduct; to the various committees, whose patient fidelity in a noble rivalry with each other, secured the success of all its departments; to the executive committee, whose wisdom and devotion reduced the parts of such harmony and perfection; and to you, sir, the president of the Fair, to whose admirable administration, unflagging oversight, and Christian inspiration, all accord the highest respect and admiration, I beg leave humbly to offer, in the name of our clients—the sick and wounded soldiers—the gratitude of their hearts, and with them that of the homes of the nation.

I have the honor to be, very respectfully, yours,

HENRY W. BELLOWS,
President U. S. Sanitary Commission.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.—The table of contents is crowded out by more important matter. In its place is presented the notice of the Philadelphia Protective War Claim and Pension Agency.

PROTECTIVE

War Claim and Pension Agency

OF THE

U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION.

All the papers and correspondence required to procure Pensions, Bounty and Back Pay, and Prize Money for discharged soldiers and sailors, and for the relatives of soldiers and sailors dying in the service of the United States, prepared and forwarded, and the proceeds of all claims, when collected, remitted to the parties entitled, *free of charge.*

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Office: No. 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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OF THE

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Apply in person or by letter, to
HENRY GREENFIELD, *Secretary,*
35 Chambers Street, New York.

OBJECTS OF THE ASSOCIATION.

1st. To secure the soldiers and sailors and their families, any claims for pensions, pay, or bounty, etc., without cost to the claimant.

2d. To protect soldiers or sailors and their families from imposture and fraud.

3d. To prevent false claims from being made against the Government.

4th. To give gratuitous advice and information to soldiers and sailors or their families needing it.

THE U. S. SANITARY COMMISSION

Was constituted by the Secretary of War in June, 1861, in accordance with the recommendation of the Surgeon-General of the United States Army, and its appointment and plan of organization were approved by the President of the United States. Its present organization is as follows:

H. W. Bellows, D.D., New York.
A. D. Bache, LL.D., Washington, D. C.
F. L. Olmsted, California.
George T. Strong, Esq., New York.
Elisha Harris, M.D., New York.
W. H. Van Buren, M.D., New York.
Wolcott Gibbs, M.D., Cambridge, Mass.
S. G. Howe, M.D., Boston, Mass.
C. R. Agnew, M.D., New York.
J. S. Newberry, M.D., Cleveland, Ohio.
Rt. Rev. T. M. Clark, Providence, R. I.
Hon. R. W. Burnett, Cincinnati, Ohio.
Hon. Mark Skinner, Chicago, Ill.
Hon. Joseph Holt, Washington, D. C.
Horace Binney, jr., Philadelphia, Penna.
Rev. J. H. Heywood, Louisville, Ky.
J. Huntington Wolcott, Boston, Mass.
Charles J. Stillé, Philadelphia, Penna.
Ezra B. McCagg, Chicago, Ill.

OFFICERS.

H. W. Bellows, D.D., President.
A. D. Bache, LL.D., Vice-President.
George T. Strong, Treasurer.
J. Foster Jenkins, M.D., General Secretary.
J. S. Newberry, M.D., Associate Secretary.

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Henry W. Bellows, D.D.	George T. Strong.
Wm. H. Van Buren, M.D.	Wolcott Gibbs, M.D.
C. R. Agnew, M.D.	Charles J. Stillé.

HOSPITAL DIRECTORY.

The Sanitary Commission has made arrangements for supplying information gratuitously, with regard to patients in all the United States General Hospitals.

For information relative to patients in the Hospitals in New York, New Jersey, the New England States, Eastern Virginia, Maryland, District of Columbia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida and Louisiana, address "Office of Sanitary Commission, Washington, D. C."

For the Hospitals in Pennsylvania, address "Office of Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia."

For the Hospitals in Western Virginia, Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Iowa, Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and Arkansas, address "Office Sanitary Commission, Louisville, Ky."

In all cases the name, rank, company, and regi-

ment of the person inquired for should be given, and where he was when last heard from. If the application is by letter, the answer will be sent by return of mail; if in person, it will be answered at once; or if by telegraph, an answer will be returned immediately at the inquirer's expense.

☞Soldiers' Aid Societies, clergymen, editors, and others, can scarcely serve the cause of humanity more effectually than by frequently and widely disseminating a knowledge of the above, among those who have friends in the army.

SUPPLY DEPARTMENT.

The Sanitary Commission, under special authority of the President of the United States, maintains an extensive system of agencies for securing the safe conveyance to, and distribution of, goods put in its charge for the sick and wounded at points where they are most wanted. It operates with equal care and generosity at all points—at New Orleans and at Washington, before Charleston and at Chattanooga—its distributions being governed by a comparison of the wants of the patients in all cases. The following is a list of depots, to which auxiliary societies and all disposed to aid the sick and wounded, without reference to States or localities, but simply to their relative necessity for assistance, are invited to send their offerings:

DEPARTMENT OF THE EAST.

CENTRAL DEPOTS OF COLLECTION.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 18 West Street, Boston, Mass.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Nos. 10 & 11 Cooper Union, New York.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, State House, New Haven, Conn.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

DEPOTS OF DISTRIBUTION.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 244 F Street, Washington, D. C.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Camp Distribution, Va.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 46 Sharp Street, Baltimore, Md.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Harper's Ferry, Va.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Annapolis, Md.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Camp Parole, Md.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Norfolk, Va.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, City Point, Va.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Newberne, N. C.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Beaufort, S. C.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, New Orleans, La

Temporary Depots for distribution are established from time to time as necessities of the service require.

DEPARTMENT OF THE WEST.

CENTRAL DEPOTS OF COLLECTION.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, corner Vine and Sixth Streets, Cincinnati, O.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 95 Bank Street, Cleveland, O.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 66 Madison Street, Chicago, Ill.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 2 Adam's Block, Buffalo, N. Y.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 59 Fourth Street, Pittsburgh, Penna.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, No. 32 Larned Street, Detroit, Mich.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Columbus, O.

U. S. Sanitary Commission, Fifth Street, Louisville, Ky.

The Commission receives no pecuniary aid whatever from the Government, and is wholly dependent on the voluntary contributions of the public for the means of sustaining its operations. Contributions to the Treasury are solicited, and may be transmitted to George T. Strong, Esq., Treasurer, 68 Wall Street, N. Y.

SPECIAL RELIEF DEPARTMENT.

EAST.

"Special Relief" Office, 76 Kingston Street, Boston, Mass.

"Special Relief" Office, 1307 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

"Soldiers' Rest," Buffalo, Exchange street, opposite R. R. Depot.

"Soldiers' Lodge," Harrisburg, Pa.

"The Home," Baltimore, Md.

"Home for Wives, Mothers and Children of Soldiers," Annapolis, Md.

"Special Relief Office," No. 389 H Street, Washington, D. C., where assistance is rendered in procuring Pay, Pensions, Bounty, Prize Money, and arrears of Pay and Bounty, and in various other ways.

"The Home," No. 374 N. Capitol Street, Washington, D. C.

"Home for Wives, Mothers and Children of Soldiers," 374 N. Capitol St., Washington, D. C.

"Lodge No. 4," for discharged soldiers, No. 389 H Street, Washington, D. C.

"Lodge No. 5," near terminus of Washington and Alexandria R. R., Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C.

"Lodge No. 6," near Steamboat Landing, Sixth Street, Washington, D. C.

"Alexandria Lodge," near terminus of Orange and Alexandria R. R., Alexandria, Va.

"Special Relief Office," New Orleans, La.

"The Home," New Orleans, La.

WEST.

Soldiers' Home, No. 81 Jefferson avenue, Detroit, Michigan.

Soldiers' Home, Third Street, Cincinnati, Ohio, Col. G. W. D. Andrews, Superintendent.

Soldiers' Home, Louisville, Ky., James Malona, Sup't. James Morton, Special Relief Agent.

Soldiers' Home, New Albany, corner of Main and State Streets.

Soldiers' Home, Cairo, Ill., C. N. Shipman, Superintendent and Relief Agent.

Soldiers' Home, Nashville, Tenn., Captain I. Brayton, Sup't. Rev. J. Hoblit, Relief Agent

Soldiers' Home, Columbus, Ohio, Col. Isaac Dalton, Superintendent.

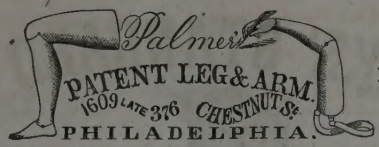
Soldiers' Home, Cleveland, Ohio, Joseph Jerome, Superintendent and Relief Agent.

Soldiers' Lodge, near landing, Memphis, Tenn C. W. Christy, Superintendent and Relief Agent.

Soldiers' Home, Camp Nelson, Ky., Thomas Butler, Superintendent.

Soldiers' Home, Paducah, Ky.

BRANCH,
No. 744 Broadway,
NEW YORK.



BRANCH,
No. 19 Green Street,
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Important Information for Soldiers and Sailors who have lost Limbs.

The "PALMER" ARM and LEG are now furnished for the mutilated heroes of the Army and Navy, and I have the pleasure of presenting extracts from official letters from the Surgeon-General, which will gratify numerous applicants, who, in the past, have been led to believe that they must accept an inferior limb, or have no aid from Government.

SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D.C., Dec. 12, 1863.

SIR:—The Board of Medical Officers assembled in the City of Philadelphia, for the purpose of examining the different models submitted & them for an Artificial Arm, having reported * * * * * * * * *

IN COMPLIANCE WITH THE RECOMMENDATION OF THE BOARD, WHEN A SOLDIER MAY DESIRE TO PURCHASE "THE MORE ELEGANT AND EXPENSIVE ARM OF PALMER," FIFTY DOLLARS WILL BE ALLOWED TOWARDS PAYMENT FOR THT SAME.

By order of the Acting Surgeon-General.
C. H. CRANE, Surgeon U.S.A.

SURGEON-GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON CITY, D.C., Sept. 20. 1864.

SIR:—In answer to your letter of the 1st inst., I am directed to inform you, that the Report and recommendation of the Medical Board recently assembled in New York, to examine samples and models of Artificial Limbs, is not designed to supersede the recommendation of the former Board, SO FAR AS REGARDS THE LIMBS MANUFACTURED BY YOU.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant, by order of the Surgeon-General,
W. C. SPENCER, Assistant Surgeon U.S.A.

To B. FRANK. PALMER, LL.D., 744 Broadway, New York.

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